

THE DOVER

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"I am sure I cannot be mistaken," he said"—p. 707.

TWO STORIES IN ONE.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "SHIRLEY HALL ASYLUM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A SURPRISE.

MY mother had anticipated that the melancholy under which I was suffering on my arrival at Dover would, after a few days, pass away; but in this she was mistaken, and it seemed rather to increase than otherwise, frequently obliging me to leave the room to conceal my tears. The chief cause of my sorrow was not hearing from Edmond; as I had hoped, without much probability of the hope being realised,

that all would yet be explained. Day after day, however, passed, and still the same silence respecting him. At last my mother began to feel uneasy at my continued depression, and questioned me on it. I could not, of course, tell her the reason, and merely replied that I had not felt very well of late, but that no doubt in a few days, with quietude and the sea air, I should fully recover. My mother, thinking I had probably overfatigued myself when in London, accepted the excuse, and we said no more on the subject.

Time, the great softener of all sorrows, at length began somewhat to dull the sharpness of mine. I now daily strolled about with my little daughter and her nurse on the parade, or as a treat would take Adeline down to the harbour to watch the foreign steamboats arrive. My mother would occasionally accompany us, but afterwards, from taking a violent cold, she was confined to the house. During the time I generally remained with her, only leaving home when I had any commission to attend to in the town. Our lives passed very quietly, and we made no acquaintances.

One morning, when speaking of the isolated state in which we lived, and our not having met any of our old friends, or formed new ones, my mother told me, laughing, that there was one exception—little Adeline.

"She has made an acquaintance," continued my mother, "and one who seems to admire her so much that if, Clara, you do not look sharp after your little daughter, you may some day lose her. She has, when out with her nurse, excited immense admiration in the breast of a gentleman, and the admiration seems to be reciprocated."

"Are you quite sure, mamma, that love is not being made to the nurse under cover to the child?" I said; "Sarah is a very pretty girl, and with the number of idle young men about here, such a deception might be very possible."

Shortly after this I left home to make a purchase in the High Street, telling my mother that on my return I should meet Adeline and the nurse on the beach, and go for a stroll with them up the Castle Hill. My purchase in the High Street was soon made, and I proceeded towards the harbour, when I saw in the passage leading to the spiral staircase to the barracks, two gentlemen, one an officer in uniform, the other, though in plain clothes, evidently a military man. Without knowing why, my heart throbbed when I saw him, for the moment my eyes fell on him I recognised the colonel in the Guards who had been my partner at the first ball at the French Ambassador's. I said my heart throbbed—but why it should have done so I know not, for I can conscientiously declare I had not cast a thought on him for years past. I do not know why I should have done so, but the moment I saw him I crossed over to the other side of the way, and

looked at the shop windows as I walked along, though without the remotest idea what was in them. Arrived at the harbour, I began to deliberate whether I should take my promised walk with Adeline, or return direct home. Then angry with myself for remaining a moment in doubt, I hurried to the beach, where I found my little girl, and we went together on the Castle Hill. After about an hour, beginning to feel fatigued, I proposed returning home, and we descended into the town. Adeline then asked me to give her some money, as she wanted to buy something, when she and Sarah quitted me, and I continued my road homeward.

A short time afterwards, when seated with my mother in the drawing-room, the child came in, bringing with her some jujubes she had purchased as a present to her grandmamma. Of course they were received with great pleasure by my mother, who kissed the child affectionately for thinking of her. But warmly as my mother testified her affection, it did not satisfy little Adeline, and I was obliged to interfere to prevent a repayment she was insisting on—that my mother should give her a kiss for every jujube she had brought her. Having somewhat relieved my mother from these boisterous marks of Adeline's affection, she asked her how she had enjoyed her walk, and to give a description of all she had seen. This Adeline did, and concluded by saying, "Oh, grandmamma! who do you think we met just as we were turning round the corner of the parade to come home?"

"I cannot guess, my dear."

"Why, the same gentleman who used to speak to me when I first came here."

"And what did he say to you?"

"Oh! he asked me what my name was, and I told him Adeline de Vernicul; and then he asked me where I lived, and I told him at No. 4, on the Parade. He then shook hands with me, and I came home."

"I expect I am right in my suspicions," I said, in an undertone, to my mother. "What possible interest could he have in knowing where the child lived, or her name?"

"Well, my dear, you probably may be right, and I must say it looks more like it. We must, as I said before, keep a sharp look out, and speak to Sarah if we notice any encouragement on her part."

In the afternoon, when Adeline was ready dressed to take her walk, she was standing at the window waiting for Sarah, when she suddenly exclaimed, clapping her hands, "There he is! I see him!" and she began nodding with great earnestness to some person she saw.

Curiosity impelled me to go to the window to see who it was, but I had hardly reached it when I turned suddenly away. Adeline's new acquaintance was none other than Colonel Morpeth.

Although I so suddenly quitted the window, I felt

quite sure that he had seen me. This gave me great annoyance, more so then I can easily express, and yet why I cannot even now explain to myself. For some days after I did not leave the house, nor did I at that time of day when people mostly frequented the parade approach the window near enough to be seen. At length the uneasy feeling subsided, and I ventured out. Impunity creates courage, whether false or real, and I had now lost all dread of meeting the colonel. But one day when walking with Adeline he came up to us, and spoke to the child; then looking earnestly at me he said, "I am sure I have had the pleasure of meeting you before."

I endeavoured to stammer out that I did not remember him, but I felt I was doing it very artificially, and that he saw through me, and this made me more confused than ever.

"I am sure I cannot be mistaken," he said; "I met you twice at the French Ambassador's, and on the former occasion I remember perfectly well you were my first partner. Your name, I think, is Miss Levesque?"

I now felt more uncomfortable than before, and the feeling was increased by Adeline, saying, "No, my mamma's name is Madame de Vernieul. It's grandmamma who is called Mrs. Levesque."

"I did not know you were married," he said, and it struck me there was something like disappointment in his tone; "I hope M. de Vernieul is well."

What was I to say? I not only felt confused, but also convinced that Colonel Morpeth noticed it. I had but one alternative, and that was to leave him, so wishing him good morning, I drew Adeline away, and returned home.

My troubles were not yet ended. As soon as we were together in the drawing-room, Adeline said, "Oh, grandmamma! we met that same gentleman again to-day."

"You do not mean the gentleman who has spoken to you so often, do you?" said my mother, rather coolly.

"Yes, grandmamma, and mamma knows him too, and he knew her long before I was born, and called her Miss Levesque."

"Who is he, Clara?" said my mother in a tone of surprise.

"It must have been Colonel Morpeth, the son of Sir Thomas Morpeth, whom we met twice at the Ambassador's house," said I, in a curious state of trepidation, adding, "you surely must remember him; his mother was the lady who had the splendid suit of diamonds."

"I remember him perfectly well," said my mother, with great emphasis on the pronoun, and giving me a penetrating glance; "yes, I remember him perfectly well, and am astonished you did not when you met him. He was, in my opinion, the handsomest and most gentlemanly man we met there."

"Your memory, mamma, is possibly clearer than

mine from the fact that he showed you more attention than he did me," I said, making a somewhat abortive attempt at a laugh.

"Nonsense, Clara," said my mother; then sinking back into her chair she remained for some time silent.

I was grateful to her for her silence, especially as I fully understood the current of her thoughts. She was bitterly regretting that of my two admirers he had not been the one who was to be my husband—as if he would have had me even if De Vernieul had not proposed to me!

After remaining for some time silent, my mother gave me another of her penetrating glances, and then said, "Clara, did he ask you anything about De Vernieul?"

"He began to speak on the subject, but I made some excuse, a clumsy one, I fear, and hurried home."

"I think when you go out again, dear, I will try and go with you, in case you should meet him again; you could then introduce him to me, for I dare say he has quite forgotten me, notwithstanding the attention you say he paid me."

"What can you mean, mamma?" I said; "he is the last person whose acquaintance I should wish to keep up."

"I do not propose you should keep it up, my dear. But if I meet him afterwards, I might have an opportunity of explaining to him what has taken place."

"Why, mamma, should you do anything of the kind?" I said, almost angrily, and feeling the tears coming into my eyes. "Do you not think the sorrows I have endured and my punishment are not ample without making them known to a man who is a total stranger? Let me implore of you not to speak to him about it."

"I am sorry, Clara, to refuse you anything, but I must not promise you this. Remember you have the welfare and respectability of your child to keep in mind, and unless people know the whole circumstances they may be likely to form a very incorrect opinion of you both. No, my dear, I shall certainly speak to the colonel if I meet him, and I am sure with a little reflection you will admit I have acted wisely."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

THE night after the conversation with my mother related in the last chapter, was for me a sleepless one. I could not dispute the correctness of her argument that it was necessary, both for my own respectability and that of my dear child, that the colonel should be made acquainted with the circumstances of my trouble. At first I attempted to show that if we left Dover and went abroad, the necessity for any explanation would thereby be obviated. But on second thoughts it occurred to me that it might add additional suspicion to my behaviour. Still my feelings revolted at the idea of my unfortunate mar-

riage being brought to the knowledge of any one—that man above all others. And why? I endeavoured to answer the question, but found it impossible. The fact existed, however, and the more I thought over the matter, the more repugnant did it appear to me, till at last I resolved that at any rate I would get my mother to postpone her intention for the moment, and in the meantime I would avoid all opportunity of meeting the colonel.

The next morning, when sitting alone with my mother, I broached the subject to her, and in as politic a manner as possible. I told her that, on reflection, I could not dispute the justice of her argument, but at the same time the explanation she proposed giving to the colonel was to me so exquisitely painful, that I hoped she would either relinquish the idea, or postpone carrying it out for the present, at any rate till I had nerved up my courage in a better manner than I could then do. My mother attempted to maintain her position, but I implored her so earnestly, that at last she gave way, though with the full understanding that she should use her own judgment in the matter, if she considered circumstances justified her in doing so.

And here again I had cause to repent differing from my mother in opinion. Her head was not only wiser, but a great deal clearer than mine. For some time I resolutely kept to my determination of avoiding all opportunity of meeting the colonel, but I will not deny that although I placed myself at the window in such a position that I could not be seen, I occasionally saw him on the parade. Did I wish to meet him, or imagine that he wished to see me? Certainly not. I can declare, that to my full knowledge and belief, curiosity alone impelled me to watch for him, at any rate I conscientiously thought so. He met Adeline frequently, and always asked after me. My mother had now adopted a different policy with the child, and instead of joking with her on the acquaintance she had made, she used, whenever Adeline spoke of the colonel, abruptly to change the subject. She moreover told Sarah to avoid meeting him as much as possible, or if he spoke to the child to form some excuse for drawing her away. Sarah seemed somewhat surprised, and even sulky, as if she imagined my mother was actuated by some feeling concerning her. However, she made no remark, and for some days we heard nothing of the colonel.

All went on smoothly for more than a week, when Adeline complained to me one day that Sarah had been very unkind to her. She had met the colonel, she said, and he had proposed taking her into a confectioner's shop and giving her some cakes, but that Sarah would not allow her, and had insisted on her coming home, saying her mamma wanted to speak to her. The child then asked me if Sarah had not told a story, and whether it was not very wicked of her.

This was certainly a very puzzling question to

answer, but I did so with the best sophistry I could summon up at the moment. I told her that Sarah was quite right, that I wanted her at home. And then again came the proof that one falsehood is generally the father of another, for Adeline asked me what I wanted her for. I was obliged to find some reply, and so on till at last I was driven to invent a final excuse for sending her from the room.

Another week passed, and Adeline never mentioned having met the colonel. My curiosity was, I admit, greatly excited on the subject, and I felt strongly inclined to question either the child or Sarah. Prudence, however, withheld me. I must also acknowledge that I felt disposed to watch for him on the parade, but the thought had hardly been formed before womanly pride taught me how unwomanly an act of the kind, under all circumstances, would be, and I abstained. The colonel's name was now never mentioned, and we all seemed as if by common consent to avoid speaking of him. I soon began to take short walks in the vicinity of the house, or on shopping expeditions in the town, watching warily for his appearance; that I might contrive to avoid him before he saw me. As we never met, I assumed (what proved to be the fact) that he had left Dover, and I must confess that, greatly as I admired him, I felt considerably relieved by his absence.

Some weeks now passed over without anything occurring to disturb the quiet current of our lives. We met with no one of the few acquaintances we had, nor did my mother or myself form new ones. With Adeline it was different, for she had made many friends, though all now were children of her own age. With one in particular she had struck up a great intimacy, and had requested me to allow her to invite the child to our house. We had already made inquiries as to the reputation of the Martin family, and found that they were people of high respectability. Mrs. Martin was the wife of a major in the regiment quartered in the barracks on the cliff, but who had taken a house not far from us on the parade. I granted my child's request, and sent an invitation to little Mary Martin to spend an afternoon with Adeline, and on the day named she arrived, accompanied by her mother, who had taken the opportunity of calling to make our acquaintance. Mrs. Martin appeared a nice, amiable, unaffected woman, and like myself had but one child, little Mary.

While the children were playing together, my mother and myself carried on a somewhat lively conversation with our new visitor. We avoided as much as possible touching on subjects connected with the officers quartered at Dover, though we listened with considerable attention to Mrs. Martin's remarks upon them. She told us that several were married, but they visited principally among themselves, forming a very agreeable little coterie. She then spoke of several by name, mentioning their

grades in the army, and giving a description of their families. We listened with breathless attention, expecting to hear something about the colonel, but his name never dropped from her lips, and neither my mother nor myself had the courage to allude to him.

A few days later Adeline rushed into the room where I was sitting, bringing with her a letter she had just received, and as she was unable to read it, she begged me to do so for her. I opened it, and to the child's intense joy, found it to contain an invitation for Adeline to join a little party of Mary Martin's friends the following afternoon, and further, that if Madame de Vernieu would accompany her it would give her mamma great pleasure. I, of course, could easily perceive the letter was written by Mrs. Martin herself, so I immediately wrote back a reply in Adeline's name, accepting for both of us.

At length the time came for preparations to be

made, and when completed, I must say without any maternal vanity, Adeline not only looked a very beautiful child, but promised fair to be the *belle* of the party.

We now left home and proceeded to Mrs. Martin's house, where many of the children had already assembled, some of them accompanied by their mammas. At children's parties shyness soon wears off, and it was so on the present occasion, for the noise the little creatures made was so great that the elders of the party were obliged to seek shelter in the dining-room below. Most of the ladies present were wives of the officers in the garrison, and their conversation turned generally on subjects in which I had no interest. Then one of their husbands dropped in, and then another, and shortly afterwards two others came, one of whom was announced as Major Stirling, the other Colonel Morpeth.

(To be continued.)

LIGHT AS AN EMBLEM OF GOD.

BY THE REV. J. WRIGHT, M.A.

"God is light."—1 John i. 5.



HE man who piously reflects upon the deep truths to be found in the Scriptures will find his thoughts enlarge and his mind expand; for in the Word of God volumes of thought are sometimes embodied in a single sentence. Historians have recorded with care those maxims of wisdom which were uttered by the sages of antiquity, and thoughtful men highly prize these wise expressions, uttered in few and pithy words, regarding them as "great thoughts packed closely."

In this respect some of the aphorisms in Scripture are pre-eminent. They excel in majesty of thought and in simplicity of expression. The thought is grand, but the words are simple. One of these sentences describes the creation of light, and has often been quoted as an illustration of the sublime. "*Let there be light: and there was light.*" These great thoughts uttered in simple words occur in the Old and in the New Testament; and whether it be a Prophet who speaks, or the Psalmist who sings, or an Apostle who writes, each has imparted some new idea of God's power, wisdom, and benevolence, expressed in words so plain that the most unlearned can comprehend them, and in words so few that the weakest memory can retain them. These inspired writers present God to our minds as a self-existent and glorious Being, filling all space and beholding all things, yet himself unseen; they represent the Almighty to us as the great I AM, the all-sufficient God, who has cheered the heart of the penitent by an announcement which gives to

heaven its happiness and to earth its hope: "*God is love.*" And the Holy Spirit in like manner, has announced, as words of comfort, the grand aphorism—"God is light."

Creation, by its perfections, shadows forth the nature of God, but by its deficiencies proves that it is only his shadow, for nothing created can adequately exhibit the Creator; still we may approach a lofty object, although unable to attain to its greatness. Light is designed to *guide* mankind, therefore light has ever been used as an emblem of the Deity. In the Scripture, Christ is termed the true light—the light of Jehovah—the light of Israel—the light of the Gentiles—the light of life, because both light and life are his to bestow. Light also becomes a symbol of God from its nature and from its wonderful properties. Darkness is the absence of all colour, but light is the union and combination of every colour. The dark and sombre hues, as well as the bright and joyful, are to be found in the rainbow, which is the sun's reflected light; so also the darker attributes of God's sovereignty—his truth and justice—are as needful as the brighter attributes of love and mercy. Thus justice, mercy, and truth, equally blended, constitute the character of God.

The Psalmist, impressed with the fitness of light as an emblem of God, exclaims, "O Thou who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;" and an intelligent heathen could, by the force of a cultivated intellect, see the propriety of regarding light as a visible emblem of the invisible God, when he taught his followers that "God had light for a body and truth for a soul;" and another,

heathen describes the light of day as being the shadow of God.

Light may also be regarded as an emblem of God because it *diffuses* its benefits. Light cannot but impart itself. He who dwelleth in light inaccessible has diffused this blessing over the remotest spaces of creation; and could we fly with the swiftness of an angel for thousands of years through the regions of eternal space, we have reason to believe that we could never approach a region of absolute darkness. Light pervades the universe, and thus becomes a fit emblem of Him whose goodness extends through all His works, and who openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness; whose goodness and mercy flow to us on every side; who is with us in the infancy of our days and in the maturity of our years; who is with us in our lying down and in our rising up; who is about our path, and spieth out all our ways; from whose presence nothing is hid, and from whose omniscience nothing is unknown.

Light is an emblem of God by its property of *imparting without receiving*. Light enables man to see, but is itself unseen. The sun, which is the source of light, can only be seen by the light which flows from itself; so God is only to be known by that knowledge which God himself imparts. "In thy light we see light," is the wise language of the pious son of Jesse. This fair world teems with life, and myriads of creatures bask in the enjoyment imparted by the cheering influence of the summer's sun, and all receive whatever is needful. Yet they receive not the sun's rays in their fulness, for did the sun pour out its treasures of light, it would overpower mortal man. New capabilities of enjoyment must be imparted to us before we could endure so great an amount of brilliancy, therefore the light that is given is mercifully adapted to our capabilities of receiving it; and only one continuous ray of light from the sun falls upon this lower world; yet it is enough, more would be detrimental, and each man receives the light of the sun as if the sun were created for him alone. The gift of light is dispensed, as men can receive it, and each man who possesses sight enjoys it as much as if he were the only man on the face of the earth for whom it was designed. Whatever light there is, that light flows from God; in like manner, whatever are the graces which adorn the conduct of the children of light, they all radiate from God, in whom is centred the fulness of every grace and of every blessing.

Light is also an emblem of God from its *purity*. It is said to be the only created thing that is incapable of defilement. It casts its rays with equal impunity upon the stagnant pool and the flowing stream; upon the fever-breeding marsh and the health-giving hills; and He who in his work of mercy could touch the leper and remain undefiled,

can watch the hidden scenes of darkness exposing their grossness but contracting no impurity.

Light is also an emblem of God because of its *power to reveal hidden things*. Of the Almighty it may be affirmed, that the darkness and the light are alike to him; "for unto him all hearts are open, and from him no secrets are hid." By the medium of light we see and know and understand ten thousand circumstances, which would either elude the sagacity of our senses, or be entirely above them; therefore, as in the former case light is an emblem of purity, so in the latter case it is an emblem of knowledge, both forming parts of the nature of God, whose wisdom is infinite and whose holiness is perfect. This infinitely Wise and Holy Being is our God, and there is no creature whose actions are not manifest in his sight; the transactions of darkness stand revealed in the light of his countenance, just as the dark corner of a chamber is rendered visible, when the beams of the midday sun are brightly reflected upon it; then that which was unobserved before, stands clearly displayed. Nor is it the actions alone that God observes, for he searcheth the thoughts, he looks at the motives that influence the conduct, and discerns the precise quantity of good and evil that exists in every thought and in every desire, as well as in every action in the life of man; and he who thus discerns all is so holy, that in his sight the very angels are not pure, and the very heavens are not spotless, and no act of angels or of men stands unrevealed to him, for God is light, and in him there is no darkness at all. God, also, is *unchangeable*. It is with God as it is with the sun, his emblem. Men often discern not the brightness of the sun, though the effulgence is ever the same, and the diminished light which falls upon us is caused by the impediments which arise from the earth, and which passing between us and the sun deprive us for a season of a portion of its warmth and cheering influence. In the Divine nature there is no darkness. Consider this. His justice, as an eminent writer expresses it, is not a stern severity, but a due regard to the honour of his broken law. His mercy is not a weak exercise of pity at the expense of justice and truth; but a holy display of his unbounded compassion in a manner calculated to magnify all his perfections. The dispensations of the Almighty, it is true, are often inscrutable and past finding out; yet he is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works. When therefore we are unable to comprehend the reason of God's dispensations, we must still confess that although clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the bases of his throne, for God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

How perfectly can the Almighty supply the wants

of his people: how speedily can he fulfil the utmost desires of them that fear him; consequently, we are not to limit the Holy One of Israel.

Here another reflection presents itself to our thoughts. We know that light is needful to expel darkness, to impart warmth, and to produce fruitfulness, therefore, let the man who desires that his soul may prosper, be warned by this fact in relation to light—namely, that the rays of light yield warmth and fertility only when they fall on a proper medium—a medium that is suitable for the reception of that warmth and fertility. The simple plain and the lowly valley, emblems of humility, receive the sun's warmth; but the lofty hills and uplifted mountain, emblems of confidence and pride, are clad in perpetual snows, for there light finds no principle suited to its genial influence. From this lesson let us ever remember that if we would profit by the light of truth, our minds must be preserved in a proper state, and humility is that proper state. Truth the proud man may have in common with his fellow-men; but humble men receive the truth and glow with holy ardour, while the proud, who lack humility and a congenial state of mind, remain with hearts cold and uninfluenced. The knowledge of the head may belong to the proud man, but the warmth of the soul is not known. Of the man of pride it may be said, his light is like the light of the moon—sometimes very clear, yet always very cold. How needful for the Christian perpetually to pray that God who is light would shine into his heart and dispel the clouds and mists that obscure the light within him, and that he would impart the warmth and vigour of the healthy man; that he would preserve him from pride, which is at all times an uncongenial state of mind for the reception of Divine truth.

We discover in our daily walk that light reaches us not only directly, but also indirectly; not only from the sun itself, but also from those objects that enjoy the blessings of the sun. Therefore, as the moon, which possesses no light in itself, first receives it and then imparts it, so must the servants of God first receive the light, and then reflect the light received for the benefit of others. And as the light of the sun is the source of beauty in the visible world, so it is in the spiritual creation; for no beauty can exist in the soul of man, but that which the light of God's Spirit has produced. But with this bear in mind a truth as applicable to the Christian as to the astronomer—that the brightness of the light is diminished in proportion to the distance. "Draw nigh to me, and I will draw nigh to you," is the language of Jehovah; and take heed that ye walk

by the true light, for if the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness; but he that walketh in the light has communion with God, for God loveth the humble and the obedient, the generous and the just. He who is the light of heaven and the joy of angels invites you to behold the light. He now calls the sinner to renounce the works of darkness, and to put on the armour of light. He bids the pastor say to them that are dead in trespasses and sin, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

To denote the power of God as the giver of light, the Thracians employed a very appropriate emblem, namely, a threefold ray of light, one ray falling on a block of ice and melting it, another falling on a mass of rock and softening it, a third falling on a dead man and restoring him to life. So the light of God will warm and animate the cold and icy nature, it will soften the hardened heart, and raise up to life men dead in trespasses and sins; and forget not, I pray you, that it is the Divine light in the soul that imparts a bright charm to life, and divests even death itself of its gloom; for we read that they who walk in the light of God's countenance and depart hence in the faith, die not, they only sleep. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," is the language of our Saviour, and therefore the last earthly home of the godly is termed by Christians "a cemetery," that is, a sleeping-place. The grave of the believer in Christ is an underground passage to a world of light; it is radiant with sunbeams to all who sleep in Jesus; for the Son of God has rested there and made it glorious, and on the morn of the resurrection he will call the children of light to awake and share his kingdom, to sit upon his throne, and to behold his glory.

Once darkness, the triumphant Christian shall then be light in the Lord. Once dead in trespasses and sin, he shall be alive unto God. Once walking in darkness, he shall then walk in the light of God's countenance. Once ignorant of the work of the Spirit, he shall then walk in the joy and comfort of the Holy Ghost; then shall he experience the fulness of the blessing, and in joy of heart obey the command: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The morning that is without clouds has dawned upon him, the sun which never sets has arisen, and the day which never ends has shed its light; then shall gratitude and love, adoration and praise, joy and peace rest upon all the disciples of Christ, the Israel of God, through the measureless ages of a blissful eternity.

MAN THE LIFEBOAT.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. IN TWO PARTS.

PART THE FIRST—GOING OUT.



HE sea was obstinate—unmistakably obstinate, and in spite of my wishes to the contrary, kept as smooth as the proverbial mill-pond.

That is a favourite figure of speech amongst those salt-saturated people whose life is on or about the sea, and, according to my experience, means a degree of roughness quite sufficient to make a poor sailor ill at ease, for the waves danced merrily in and in over with a booming roar upon the sands, racing up to the chalk cliffs at high water, and scooping and washing all day, till, for yards away, there was nothing but chalky foam.

But this was not what I wanted. I had seen Margate in its holiday clothes, with the jetty thronged above and below with young men trying to look nautical, and young maidens pretending to read books in uncomfortable positions, with the breeze insinuating itself between the book-leaves; I had seen stout tradesmen sunning themselves upon the cliff, lodging-house keepers gathering in their harvest, Tommy soaking his legs in the sandy pools, and nursemaid Mary scolding Miss Jane, *etat* six and a half, for taking off her shoes to follow suit; bathing machines and shrimps, pleasure boats and husbands' boats, nigger minstrels and broad-faced, muffin-capped German bandsmen, blowing tunes as crooked as their instruments. I had seen all this, and the rest of the heterogeneous collection of people and things, animate and inanimate, that go to make Margate in the season; but I wanted to see the ocean in its rage, and for this purpose I had run down to Margate in the winter, and, as I said in my first line, the sea was obstinate.

God forbid that I should wish for a storm; but storms, I knew, must visit that south-east corner of our island, and my wish was that when "the stormy winds did blow, and the raging sea did roar," I might be down there upon the shore, and I waited, waited, waited, till days grew into weeks, and at last, though somewhat disappointed, I stood one evening by the Quiver Lifeboat house, and said, "You may stick there and grow leaky with dryness this season for all the work you'll have to do."

The words were hardly out of my lips when "whoof!" there was a puff of wind that seemed to come with a sudden rush and impinge upon the building, making me clap my hand to my hat, and smile as I turned to walk to my lodging. The next minute I had forgotten all about it, for it was quite calm.

On reaching the place where I was staying, the first person I encountered was my landlord standing in front of an old weather-glass, which he was tapping with one great brown knuckle.

"Glass falling, sir, fast," he said; "strikes me we shall have a gale before long."

"Indeed," I said, with a sort of shiver passing through me, for I mentally hoped now that he might be wrong, as I seemed to realise that that which I had wished to see meant death and destruction—the agonising dread of those in peril, and the moaning of some poor widowed heart in its bitterness for the husband who had been lost at sea.

Yes, "lost at sea." I recalled, too, now, the frequency of those three words in the sea-side churches that I had visited—on tablets within, or on lichen-covered, decaying headstones without, and as I sat there in my cosy room, the shiver experienced without came again and again as I muttered a prayer for those "who go down to the sea in ships."

"Got the storm-drum up, sir," said my landlord, bringing in the kettle himself, so as to have an excuse for talking. "I knowed there was something coming. Why, Lord bless you, I never knowed that there glass o' mine to be wrong in all the twenty year I've had it. I wouldn't take five pounds for it of any one. Down she goes this very afternoon, and downer again this evening, and here comes the wind. Ah, there'll be some white water on the Goodwins to-night."

"Do you think it will be very rough?" I said.

"No question of a doubt about it, sir—not a bit."

"Many boats out?"

"Well, no, as luck has it, there aint. I don't know as there's any at all, and a good thing too."

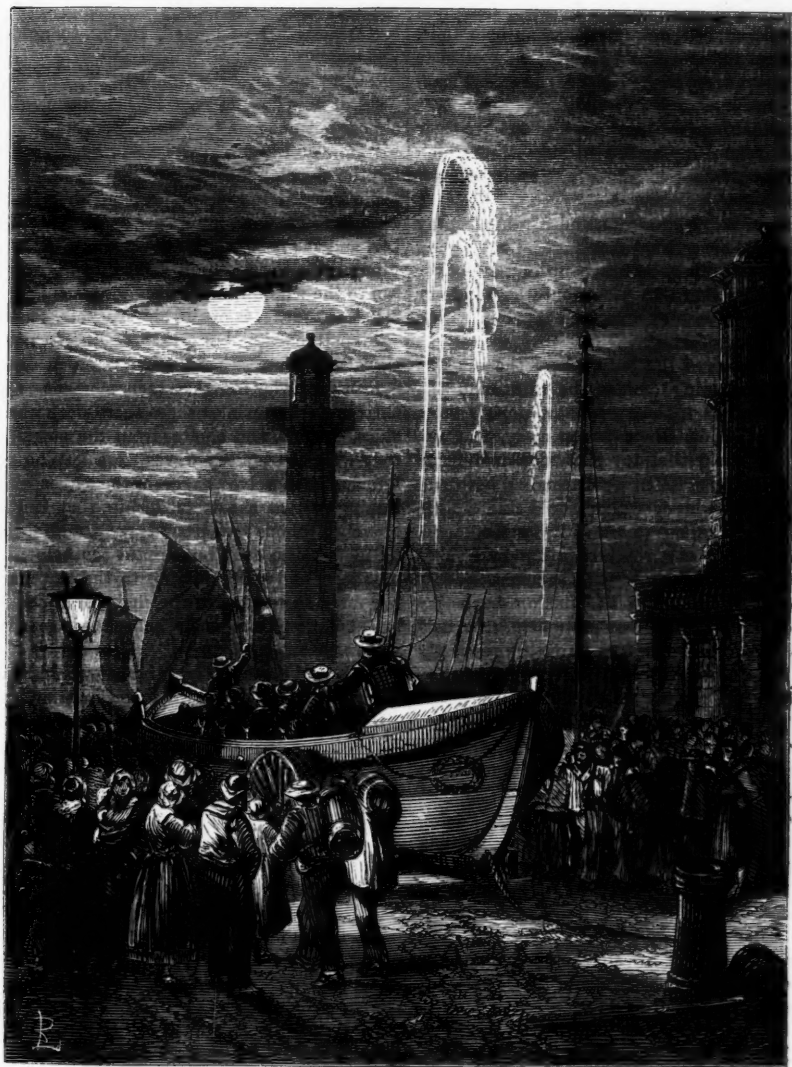
"I'm very glad," I said.

"Glad, sir! of course—yes, you see they knowed it was coming, and they've been running for the harbour all the afternoon, and—there—didn't I tell you so?"

As he spoke a sudden gust seemed to rush shrieking by the house, rattling the casements, and whistling through every chink and crevice, while at the same moment the smoke came from the chimney in one great volume right out into the room.

"Ah," said my landlord quietly, "that there chimbley always serves us like that when there's a storm."

Half choked by the smoke, I partook of my comfortless meal, with the wind coming again



(Drawn by R. P. LEITCH.)

"THE QUIVER" LIFEBOAT AT MARGATE—"GOING OUT"—p. 715.

and again in heavy gusts, the intervals between them rapidly growing shorter, so that by the time I had finished it was blowing half a gale.

Restless and uncomfortable, I rose, put on hat and macintosh, took a stout stick in my hand, and made my way down to the cliff, to stand, holding my hat on with one hand as I gazed, delighted yet awestricken, at the wondrous scene before me. It was about full moon, and across its broad disc hurried storm-torn, ragged clouds, heaving, leaping, and dashing, as if in imitation of the waves beneath, which, as they leapt, seemed to have their crests cut clean away by the rushing wind, which bore them on in a salt rain ever dashing in my face.

Leaping waves, white foam, and a rain of spray out to sea, and beneath my feet huge billows racing in one after the other, to heave up and arch over before foaming down to scoop out the sand, or rush far up and dash against the chalk cliff with a roar that was deafening.

I walked down to the jetty, where the sea was hissing and foaming amidst the piles, and the wind shrieking as if the storm was urging them on, and had bidden them sweep away, tear up, and destroy the pitiful toy that men had made to resist its might. Men were standing here and there in groups wherever they could find a little shelter, and gazing out to sea with a stern, stolid, hard look that I saw repeated a hundred times that night, but hardly a word was spoken.

I then went to where the fishing boats lay sheltered beneath the great sea-wall of the harbour, to find them heaving and fretting restlessly at their moorings—groaning, as it were, peevishly, as wood chafed against wood, while their masts swayed to and fro, ever seeming to mark out a little arc upon the cloud-flecked sky.

In turning back to reach the cliff, the wind was at times violent enough to make me gasp, and at last, wearied with gazing upon wild wastes of waters, and my ears deafened with the booming roar, I walked slowly back to encounter my old salt of a landlord, clad in dripping, shining oilskins by the door.

"Just came back for a bit o' supper, sir," he said, touching his sea-wester hat, "thought I'd have a bit before I went out again."

"Went out again!" I said.

"Yes, went out again, sir. 'Twill be sad work yet to-night. Such a storm as this can't blow without some poor fellows drifting on to the Goodwins, and then the Lord ha' mercy on their poor souls."

"Amen," I said devoutly, and hurrying in, I laid aside my dripping mackintosh, put back my soaked hair, and commenced the supper laid ready, for the fire was now burning brightly, and its warmth was comforting to my chilled limbs.

I had hardly finished, though, before my landlord came hurrying in to exclaim excitedly, as he buttoned himself in what seemed to be a coat made of black sheets of iron, "Told you so, sir!"

"What is it?" I said, starting up.

"Wreck, sir—wreck!"

"Where?" I exclaimed, trying to get on my wet overcoat.

"Old place, sir—the Goodwins."

"But how do you know?" I said excitedly, as I almost got one arm into a sleeve.

"How do I know, sir," he said gruffly; "why, I see the signal, and——"

He crossed to the window, and drew back the curtain to gaze out seawards as he ceased speaking, and the next minute there was a flash and a glimmer that cast a light right into the room, as I ran to the window.

"And there it is again, sir—rockets, rockets!"

Signal-rockets, but no *feux-de-joie* now, but signals of distress sent up by men in dire peril—by those who felt that each moment might be their last—that while ashore there were warm firesides, comfort, and shelter from the storm, where they were the hungry waves were leaping around like famished wolves, eager for their lives—leaping, leaping ever at the doomed ship, that had fought bravely till hope had passed away, and there was no more to be done but appeal for help to those on shore, and cling for life to the rigging, waiting for aid—to receive that help, or to be beaten and buffeted from their hold into the seething waters.

And would succour come? what would be done? Would we, the dwellers in this Christian land, sit silently watching the fiery messengers that asked our aid, and, from cowardice or helplessness, do nothing but wait—wait, till the cold, pale dawn should break, and show to our reddened, watching eyes corpse after corpse cast reproachfully at our feet, and then sharply snatched away again by the waves, when we made tardy effort to save the dead and give them Christian burial; would it be thus that we in safety responded to the appeal of our brothers in distress?

No; I knew differently, and that, dotted along our coast, the fruits of their abundance, British Love and British Charity had placed the means of answering the distressed cry of the drowning man, and that, however wild the wind, or huge the waves that came foaming in, the lifeboat would be launched, and stout hearts would urge stout arms to tug at the long ash blades, till the light boat leaped over the waves onward, ever on its grand mission of brother to save brother, and all in the name of God.

"This way, sir—this way!" shouted my host hoarsely, for the wind shrieked by us as we hurried

into the street, and, joining hands we ran out to find hundreds more like ourselves making their way towards where I had that very afternoon stood and apostrophised the boat stationed at Margate by the readers of *THE QUIVER*.

On still, but not fast, for the wind seemed striving to drive us back, but at the end of ten minutes we were in the midst of quite a crowd, and as we stopped breathless for a moment under the shelter of a wall, out came the moon from a black cloud, flooding the scene with a pallid, ghastly light, and up rose one—two—three streaks of fire to shoot high in the heaven from out where the sea was one mass of foam. Higher, higher they rose, at first swiftly, and then slower and more slow, till they curved over, and descended in a shower of sparks.

"Poor souls," said a voice at my elbow, and

then there was another voice shouted, "Yes, you're right, lad; she's right on."

"Where?" I shouted in my landlord's ear.

"Goodwins, sir, Goodwins," he roared back, for the wind seemed to sweep his words away. "And they say, sir, it's a large bark, and here they come."

As he spoke there was a muffled cheer heard above the roar of the storm, and my heart leaped, and I felt more proud of my old country than ever I had before, for at a swing trot, clearly seen in the moonlight, along came a white car upon light wheels; that car was half full of men, and as the cheer rose higher, onward went the car—a car that in a few moments more would be riding over the troubled waters, for, though death might be ahead, the call had been made for aid, and the life-boat would be launched.

(To be concluded.)

THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABOUT NELLIE," "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. and Mrs. Dawson were sitting together in the back dining-room (the study) at Kensington. Mrs. Dawson had told Robert Welch in strict confidence that morning how completely Mr. Dawson bowed down to Mammon, and how he seemed to desire that they should emulate the condition of the proverbial skeleton which dwells in every house, and become skeletons likewise. She had also told him that her father had been for many years clergyman of Benthwaite, and that she and Mr. Dawson had made a runaway match of it. Having informed him of these facts—facts which, by the way, she had mentioned before to divers of her acquaintance—she felt in better humour than usual with her spouse, and wrapping a shawl round her, had taken the third volume of a most dismal love story into his study, and sitting down there kept him company while he worked. He was a little uneasy about something, she saw that by the way he looked absently over his papers instead of attentively down at them, and once or twice he put his hand hesitatingly into his breast pocket, and drew it decidedly out again. Mrs. Dawson, however, knew that by asking questions she would hear nothing, she therefore wisely held her peace.

In the front room Jack was practising the chromatic scale in a manner which had a decided tendency to set one's teeth on an edge. Polly was writing an elaborate Christmas letter (it only wanted three days to Christmas) to her Aunt Maria, the spinster at Benthwaite, and Robert Welch was looking at her. He was going to Liverpool in the

morning to spend his holiday, and strange to say he was not at all rejoiced thereat. He could have gone that evening if he liked, but he was so loth to tear himself away from the abode of shabbiness and—Polly, that he had invented an excuse to his relations, and was going by the early train in the morning. He was rather a favoured individual with his employers, both on account of Frederic Dawson's recommendation and his own perseverance, and it was an understood thing that eventually he would pass on to their chief office at Liverpool; therefore as an act of kindness, as well as of convenience to himself, one of the partners had arranged that after the Christmas holidays he should remain in Liverpool for a few weeks, exchanging duty with his son, who occupied a like situation to Robert Welch, by which arrangement each of the young men would get a longer time with his respective friends. This protracted absence grieved Robert Welch to think of, with the whole of it before him, and he sat watching Polly, feeling he would gladly give up his holiday altogether and do three times the work, if he might only stay in London.

"Jack," said the lovely scribe, as she finished her letter, "it is time for you to go to Mr. Dale's." Jack was going to assist at a rehearsal of the Christmas Day music.

"You had better pull up the collar of your great coat," Robert Welch said, "it's uncommonly cold."

"I haven't one," he answered truthfully.

"Haven't one! Mine would not fit you either. Here, wait a minute, and I'll get you something," and he ran up-stairs.

"Jack had better not go," his father called from the next room; "I don't see what he gains by it."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Jack.

"Here, wrap this round him," said Robert Welch, as he brought down the woollen comforter which had so offended Polly; "or stay, I will," as Mr. Dawson called to his daughter.

"Polly," the lawyer said, "that boy's cough is dreadful."

"Indeed it is—dreadful!" and she clasped her hands.

"Wrap him up well, if he will go to-night," he said, evidently speaking with an effort, "and in the morning get him ready to go out with me, and I will buy him a great coat."

"Oh!" and she rushed away to his astonishment. "Jack!" she called to her brother, who was on the point of banging the door after himself, "you are to get up early in the morning," and she pulled his ears gently in her delight, "and papa will take you out and buy you a *new great coat*; and I am so glad, darling!" She came to a climax with a kiss, and bundled him out as happy as a king. "Thank you, very much, dear papa," she said, going back to her paternal relative.

"My dear child," said the lawyer, half-closing his eyes, and looking like a converted fox, "I am glad you see how anxious I always am to promote the happiness and comfort of my children. So you'll be as careful as you can, won't you, Polly?"

"Yes, papa," and she went back to the front room, and sat down and looked into the fire. "Robert," she said presently, "it was thoughtful of you to get that comforter for Jack. That comforter did so offend me too the first night you came, I thought it so ugly."

"Did you? I don't think you liked me the first time you saw me."

"No, I didn't."

"But you like me better now?"

"Oh yes, a great deal."

"Are you sure—?"

"Mr. Welch!" came the voice of the lawyer from the inner room. "I called you," he said, as the young man entered, "to give you this letter from my brother, it came in one enclosed to me;" and he looked as if he would like to see it opened.

"Thank you," and Robert turned to go. "Mr. Dawson," he said, going back to him, "did I ever show you my watch your brother gave me when I was twenty-one? he has been such a kind friend to me."

"Yes—yes, it is very nice," he said hurriedly; "let me know if there is anything to interest me in my brother's letter," and he turned to his papers. "I wonder what Fred says to him," he thought. "I don't like his giving him a watch; waste of money on one who doesn't belong to him. I must look after Robert Welch, or he will try and take what should be Jack's place in my brother's affections."

"What was that about your watch?" asked Polly.

"Only that your uncle gave it to me; look at it." He took it off, and Polly played with it, and tried it on, and looked at it inside and outside, and amused herself generally at the expense of the unfortunate watch, whilst its owner read his letter. "Oh! I wish I had one," she said at last.

"What, a watch? I will give you one some day."

"Oh no, I wouldn't take it, it wouldn't be right;" speaking with that instinctive knowledge of what should and should not be which every woman has, though she cannot explain or define it.

"I think it would be right if it would please you to have it and me to give it to you. Do you know, Polly," he went on, getting up and standing before her, "I am so sorry my holidays have come, and to think I shall be a whole month away from London! You don't know how happy I have been here."

"Have you?" she said, with only a vague notion of the hidden meaning of his words.

"I have indeed, I only wish I could stay here for ever. I say, I must wish you good-bye to-night, I suppose, for my train goes at seven in the morning, and I must be up at half-past five."

"Suppose," said Polly, impulsively, in her sweet ignorance of conventionality, and the most secure bandage in the world over her unsophisticated eyes—innocence—"suppose I get up early in the morning and you invite me to have breakfast with you before you start (for I've no provisions of my own), wouldn't it be fun?"

"Will you, really?"

"Perhaps I will."

So Polly told the servant to be sure and call her at half-past five, and to have breakfast ready in the dining-room at six; and added in a whisper that she could boil the water for the tea and eggs in that room, for two fires would certainly not be allowed in that dwelling-house at so early an hour in the morning. Robert Welch did not tell any one to call him, he knew that the knowledge that he was to have a tête-à-tête breakfast with Polly would be sufficient to awaken him at any hour.

He looked decidedly comfortable the next morning as he sat watching Polly in her morning dress, with her hair, as she expressed it, "bundled up anyhow," and listened to her small, slightly egotistical, but musical chatter. A pretty girl, tolerably certain that a man is over head and ears in love with her is generally a little flustered, smiling, egotistical tyrant, and so was Polly. How Robert Welch admired her, too, as she knelt before the fire, scorching her face, waiting, teapot in hand, for the water to boil, and what sweet music it was when the water bubbled over and her rippling laughter (she had a low soft laugh) broke out.

"Oh, Polly," he exclaimed at last, "how I shall miss you!"

"Shall you," she said, as she filled the teapot and placed it on the hob to draw—"why?"

"You know better than I can tell you."

"I haven't the faintest idea," the little coquette said, looking up with a most successful attempt at hypocrisy, for of course she did know all the time. "I think I have blacked my fingers though with that horrible kettle-holder."

Then they proceeded to have breakfast, in presiding over which she took great interest, but he was contented merely to watch her between the little intervals, save once when he felt in his pocket to be sure Frederic Dawson's letter was quite safe. That letter contained a ten-pound note; he generally received one every year as a Christmas box, and this time he prized it very much, for with it he intended to buy a watch for Polly. It was time for him to be off at last—quite time, for he had only been too ready to linger, and he got up, and putting on his great coat, which was brown and very ugly, prepared to depart.

"I wanted to say something," he said, as he stood by the dining-room door, and she by the table, about to follow him out, "only I hardly know how" (he was shy and nervous, appearing to his least advantage, and it was so awkward, each formally standing up, looking at each other); "it was how much I shall miss you, as I told you just now, and—and if I get on—I don't mean that—but—oh, Polly, could you like me some day? and may I tell my people about you—that I am so fond of you?"

"Oh no—no!"

"Don't you like me a bit, Polly?"

"Yes, I like you very much."

"And there isn't any one else?"

"No, no one in the world."

"And if some day you don't like *any one* in the world better, you will——"

"Then," she said softly, with a sort of presentiment of a future in which the slightest engagement would be a terrible fetter—"then I will tell you what I will do."

"Very well," he answered dolefully, obliged to be content with this; "but you won't forget me while I am away?"

"No, I won't."

They went into the hall then, and she opening the

street door, looked out at the darkness which had not yet begun to break.

"Good-bye," he said, taking his portmanteau in one hand and her hand in the other; "and, Polly" (he almost trembled now), "it is mistletoe time, you know, mayn't I——"

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, and she snatched away her hand, put herself in a violent passion, and walked off into the dining-room as hard as she could pelter, while he followed her, leaving the door open, and still holding his portmanteau with one hand. "How dare you!" she exclaimed, standing bolt upright and looking a perfect little monument of insulted dignity; "I'll never forgive you, sir, and I'll never, never speak to you again as long as I live."

"I am so sorry," he said helplessly. "Do forgive me, and say good-bye," and dropping the portmanteau, which was shabby and rubbed at the edges, he stood still imploringly waiting for her to speak.

She gave one quick glance at him, and saw him looking the picture of sorrowful penitence—penitence in a brown great coat and the celebrated woollen comforter wound round and round his rather long and slender throat.

"Good-bye," she said, a smile creeping over her face; "but you must never make me so angry again," and she held out her hand. "You had better go now, or you will lose your train; it's getting late." Not being in love, Polly's ideas were clear and practical.

"Good-bye," he said again; "I am so sorry, Polly, I would not offend you for anything in the world," and he looked at her flushed cheeks and still pouting lips. "Oh, my darling! how could I, when I love you more than anything the world holds?"

He bent over her hand for a moment, then dropping it suddenly, took up his portmanteau and disappeared into the darkness.

Polly stood still for a moment, looking out at the early morning. "It will begin to get light soon," she said. "Oh dear!" she added gravely and thoughtfully, "I wonder if I shall ever love any one as Robert Welch loves me."

(To be continued.)

PRO PATRIÂ ET REGINÂ.

THERE are who ever cast reproach on these our later days,

And in the ancient past alone find theme for laud and praise,

Nor think that distance lends them grace, those rugged times of old,

Like barren peaks that sunset gilds, and tender mists enfold.

"Degenerate is the age," they say, "and steeped in selfish care,

Barren of noble deeds and aims, men are not as they were,

And patriotism breathes no more, and chivalry is dead,

And loyalty a hollow thing, from which the soul is fled.

"The fabric of the state," they cry, "is hasting to decay,

Her vast foundations shake and reel, her bulwarks fall away."



Rotten and strained each ancient tie, to their keen sight appears,
Which now has borne the stress and shock of twice a thousand years.
And be it that the honoured bond of use is weak and worn,
And Fear's strong links for ever snapped, like fetters freemen scorn,
Dare we not trust a gentler power, that steadfast shall remain,
Will hold us firmly to the end—Love's matchless golden chain?
Not yet we yield to coward fears for this our age and day,
We who have seen the wondrous power, that o'er us still holds sway,
How sympathy could weld in one, whom factions held apart,
When any grief or aught of dread thrilled through the nation's heart.
Thank God for this—we have not lost the loyal love we bore
Our ancient throne—its glory stands, deep rooted as before,
In the firm mind, the temperate will, the wise obedient heart,

Which loves that Liberty the best, where Order holds her part.

There have been mutterings low and fierce, deep tones of discontent,
That swelled to clamorous cries of hate, and sullen looks were bent
On ancient orders—frantic hands grasped at the new and strange,
A restless spirit walked abroad, a reckless thirst for change.

Be ours to grasp the living truth of the ideal long sought,
And keep our ancient structure whole that the slow years have wrought
Free to build up, to add, to shape, to strengthen and expand,
Not free to shatter and o'erthrow, with aimless, thankless hand.

No! ere such freedom flood our isle, ere the wild dream be real,
God grant to patriot hearts one wish, one prayer for England's weal,
Rather to let our Albion sink, whelmed in her stormy sea,
Than be no more Earth's happiest land, most loyal and most free.

FATHER'S LETTER.

CHAPTER V.

ALLIE went on filling the vase; while Mary lay back looking at her for some time, and then she asked, "When are you going to New Zealand, Allie?"
"Soon," Allie answered promptly, as she twined a long tendril of ivy round the vase; and then as she held it up, and Mary praised the graceful way the flowers were settled, Allie glanced upon the table, and from there to the quilt, as she remembered the letter Mr. Johnstone had told her about.

"What are you looking for?" Mary asked as she followed her searching look.

"For that letter he told me about," Allie said, nodding her head towards the door to show who "he" meant.

"What letter do you mean? Is it your father's letter?" Mary asked, rather mystified.

"No," Allie said, nodding again her head towards the door; "he said some one wrote it to you, asking you to go to some beautiful place."

Mary understood now. She laid her hand on her Bible and said, "This is the letter my father meant, Allie. This is God's letter; and he has not only asked me to go to that beautiful place, but you too, Allie."

"Me!" said Allie; "no, I'm sure he never did; no one ever wrote to me, except father."

"Yes, Allie, some one else has written to you; but perhaps you have never read the letter yet. Some people read the letter and don't care for it," Mary continued sadly, "because they don't care for God who sent it to us."

And then Mary drew Allie closer to her, and told her why the Bible was so dear to her. She told her that it was in that book she had learned how much God loved her, and how the Lord Jesus Christ had come to seek for her, the way a shepherd would seek for a poor little wandering lamb, and had given up his own life to save hers. She told her too that it was in his Word she had found out how good God is, and how he wished her to be good, and had promised to help her to fight against every wicked thought, and that he would dwell in her heart, and make her like himself. "And, oh, Allie," Mary continued, "that is what I wish more than anything in the world; I want to be like my Saviour Jesus Christ, and I often think of what King David said, 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness;' that means, I think, than to have every pleasant thing in the world, and live in sin."

"Well," replied Allie, "I never thought about all that before. I never knew that God loved me. I did not think that any one loved me now, except

father, and he is so far off; so far off," repeated the poor child, as with a sob she laid her face down on Mary's shoulder.

Mary felt distressed; but confident still that her letter contained comfort for Allie, as it often had for herself, she opened it at the hundred and third Psalm, to read these words, pointing with her finger that little Allie might see them too: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

"You see it is as a father—just like your own father, God loves you, only a great deal better; and he never is far off. He is with you and me here this moment. Look here, Allie," and turning to another part of the book, she read the promise of the Lord Jesus, that he would be with his people always, even unto the end of the world. "He invites you to go to him, just as your father invites you to go to New Zealand, and as your father sent money to enable you to undertake the journey, so God will send you help and strength and protection while you travel through this world, until you get safe home to heaven."

Allie remained silent for some time. This seemed such a strange idea to her; she thought that no one had loved her much, except her father, and now she heard that Jesus loved her tenderly, and had sent a letter to ask her, and every one who read it, to go to him. She almost envied Mary going so soon, and asked her, "Are not you longing to go?"

"I should like God to settle all that for me," answered Mary, "for he knows best. I wish to stay and comfort father as long as I can; and besides, if there is anything I can do in God's service, I should not like to leave it undone; but for all that, Allie, I often think to myself as I lie here at night, how glorious it will be to awaken up and be with Jesus; and then I say to God, 'In thy presence is fulness of joy. I shall be satisfied when I awake up with thy likeness.'"

"Did that letter," asked Allie, pointing to the Bible, "make you think all that?"

"Yes, Allie, and if you read it, you will find a great deal more in it even than what I have told you, and when you go out to New Zealand and read it to your father, it will, I am sure, fill his heart with comfort and peace."

It was very pleasant talking to Mary; she seemed to explain everything so nicely, Allie thought, and as she ran home that evening she longed to find her aunt alone, that she might tell her of all she had heard, and might repeat to her what Mary had made her learn out of God's Letter.

She did find her aunt just as she wished, quite alone. Mrs. Carp was sitting before the fire, looking gloomily into it while her work lay neglected on her lap. Her thoughts were very painful, for this poor woman's life was a very tired and hard one, and she had never yet obeyed her loving Saviour's invitation, given to all aching hearts, "Come unto me, all ye

that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

She cared nothing for that Letter which, in the midst of pain and suffering, was able to give Mary such joy and comfort with its messages of love and sympathy, and its sure promises of a future home where sighing and sorrow shall flee away; and as she sat there wearily looking into the fire, she longed for some one to come in and talk to her, so as to banish the thoughts which were distressing her so much.

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For Allie did leave England, and in the ship too in which her father would expect her. Her kind great friend had never ceased his efforts, till he had succeeded in finding a family going out to New Zealand, who goodnaturedly promised to act as a mail-bag to his little letter, and to hand her safely, if it pleased God, into her father's hands; and though it was with great regret he and Mary and Mrs. Carp parted from her, for she had grown very dear to them, still they rejoiced in thinking that she had gone to her father, and that she would not need to go out any more in the rain and wind to get his letters.

"It is just the way, Mary," Mr. Johnstone said to his daughter, "that when we go home for ever to our heavenly Father, we shall no more need his Letter, which now is so precious to us, for we shall see him as he is, and face to face." A. C. H.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

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Rotten and strained each ancient tie, to their keen
sight appears,
Which now has borne the stress and shock of twice a
thousand years.
And be it that the honoured bond of use is weak and
worn,
And Fear's strong links for ever snapped, like fetters
freemen scorn,
Dare we not trust a gentler power, that steadfast shall
remain,
Will hold us firmly to the end—Love's matchless
golden chain?
Not yet we yield to coward fears for this our age and
day,
We who have seen the wondrous power, that o'er us
still holds sway,
How sympathy could weld in one, whom factions
held apart,
When any grief or aught of dread thrilled through
the nation's heart.
Thank God for this—we have not lost the loyal love
we bore
Our ancient throne—its glory stands, deep rooted as
before,
In the firm mind, the temperate will, the wise
obedient heart,

Which loves that Liberty the best, where Order holds
her part.
There have been mutterings low and fierce, deep
tones of discontent,
That swelled to clamorous cries of hate, and sullen
looks were bent
On ancient orders—frantic hands grasped at the new
and strange,
A restless spirit walked abroad, a reckless thirst for
change.
Be ours to grasp the living truth of the ideal long
sought,
And keep our ancient structure whole that the slow
years have wrought
Free to build up, to add, to shape, to strengthen and
expand,
Not free to shatter and o'erthrow, with aimless,
thankless hand.
No! ere such freedom flood our isle, ere the wild
dream be real,
God grant to patriot hearts one wish, one prayer for
England's weal,
Rather to let our Albion sink, whelmed in her
stormy sea,
Than be no more Earth's happiest land, most loyal
and most free.

FATHER'S LETTER.

CHAPTER V.

ALLIE went on filling the vase; while Mary lay back looking at her for some time, and then she asked, "When are you going to New Zealand, Allie?"
"Soon," Allie answered promptly, as she twined a long tendril of ivy round the vase; and then as she held it up, and Mary praised the graceful way the flowers were settled, Allie glanced upon the table, and from there to the quilt, as she remembered the letter Mr. Johnstone had told her about.

"What are you looking for?" Mary asked as she followed her searching look.

"For that letter he told me about," Allie said, nodding her head towards the door to show who "he" meant.

"What letter do you mean? Is it your father's letter?" Mary asked, rather mystified.

"No," Allie said, nodding again her head towards the door; "he said some one wrote it to you, asking you to go to some beautiful place."

Mary understood now. She laid her hand on her Bible and said, "This is the letter my father meant, Allie. This is God's letter; and he has not only asked me to go to that beautiful place, but you too, Allie."

"Me!" said Allie; "no, I'm sure he never did; no one ever wrote to me, except father."

"Yes, Allie, some one else has written to you; but perhaps you have never read the letter yet. Some people read the letter and don't care for it," Mary continued sadly, "because they don't care for God who sent it to us."

And then Mary drew Allie closer to her, and told her why the Bible was so dear to her. She told her that it was in that book she had learned how much God loved her, and how the Lord Jesus Christ had come to seek for her, the way a shepherd would seek for a poor little wandering lamb, and had given up his own life to save hers. She told her too that it was in his Word she had found out how good God is, and how he wished her to be good, and had promised to help her to fight against every wicked thought, and that he would dwell in her heart, and make her like himself. "And, oh, Allie," Mary continued, "that is what I wish more than anything in the world; I want to be like my Saviour Jesus Christ, and I often think of what King David said, 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness;' that means, I think, than to have every pleasant thing in the world, and live in sin."

"Well," replied Allie, "I never thought about all that before. I never knew that God loved me. I did not think that any one loved me now, except

father, and he is so far off; so far off," repeated the poor child, as with a sob she laid her face down on Mary's shoulder.

Mary felt distressed; but confident still that her letter contained comfort for Allie, as it often had for herself, she opened it at the hundred and third Psalm, to read these words, pointing with her finger that little Allie might see them too: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

"You see it is as a father—just like your own father, God loves you, only a great deal better; and he never is far off. He is with you and me here this moment. Look here, Allie," and turning to another part of the book, she read the promise of the Lord Jesus, that he would be with his people always, even unto the end of the world. "He invites you to go to him, just as your father invites you to go to New Zealand, and as your father sent money to enable you to undertake the journey, so God will send you help and strength and protection while you travel through this world, until you get safe home to heaven."

Allie remained silent for some time. This seemed such a strange idea to her; she thought that no one had loved her much, except her father, and now she heard that Jesus loved her tenderly, and had sent a letter to ask her, and every one who read it, to go to him. She almost envied Mary going so soon, and asked her, "Are not you longing to go?"

"I should like God to settle all that for me," answered Mary, "for he knows best. I wish to stay and comfort father as long as I can; and besides, if there is anything I can do in God's service, I should not like to leave it undone; but for all that, Allie, I often think to myself as I lie here at night, how glorious it will be to awaken up and be with Jesus; and then I say to God, 'In thy presence is fulness of joy. I shall be satisfied when I awake up with thy likeness.'"

"Did that letter," asked Allie, pointing to the Bible, "make you think all that?"

"Yes, Allie, and if you read it, you will find a great deal more in it even than what I have told you, and when you go out to New Zealand and read it to your father, it will, I am sure, fill his heart with comfort and peace."

It was very pleasant talking to Mary; she seemed to explain everything so nicely, Allie thought, and as she ran home that evening she longed to find her aunt alone, that she might tell her of all she had heard, and might repeat to her what Mary had made her learn out of God's Letter.

She did find her aunt just as she wished, quite alone. Mrs. Carp was sitting before the fire, looking gloomily into it while her work lay neglected on her lap. Her thoughts were very painful, for this poor woman's life was a very tired and hard one, and she had never yet obeyed her loving Saviour's invitation, given to all aching hearts, "Come unto me, all ye

that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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BIBLE NOTES.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE (Matt. xiii. 45, 46).

THE kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." This parable forms one of a group of seven, some of which, this amongst them, are recorded by St. Matthew alone. Here Christ likens the kingdom of heaven to a man in search of that which lies far beneath the surface of the sea, and which, in all probability, will never see the light, unless it be brought up by the unfailing industry of the pearl-fisher. This parable is like the one immediately preceding it, in that the thing found is in each case a something that was out of sight. In the one case it is treasure hid in a field; in the other it is a pearl which a merchant-man seeks. It is unlike it in this important point—that while there the treasure is found without being sought for, here the pearl is sought for, and that too with all diligence. In the one case we have simply a finder who unexpectedly falls in with something quite unlooked for, in the other we have a seeker and finder combined in the person of the same individual. In the similitude that Christ uses on this occasion, we may remark his wonderful accuracy in employing the figure most suited to those addressed. He does not compare the transcendent excellency of his kingdom to a diamond, which we would regard as of much greater value. And why not? Because, as is well known, in the East pearls have at all times been esteemed one of the most valuable commodities. Their modest splendour and simple beauty appear to have captivated the Orientals even more than the dazzling brilliancy of the diamond, and have made them at all times, present as well as past, the favourite ornament of Eastern princes and monarchs. And in this fact we can see the appropriateness of Christ using the pearl as the gem to which to liken the kingdom of heaven. The merchant-man went to seek for goodly—that is, beautiful pearls; he had need to exercise skill, lest meaner articles should be imposed upon him. There were different qualities of pearls; so are there different aims which a man seeking the kingdom of God may set before himself, the attainment of any one of which short of the kingdom itself will not satisfy him. He was seeking for pearls; but when he found one which he knew to be of great value, he ceased his toil and anxiety as soon as he got possession of it. So in things spiritual: there is but one "pearl of great price," and this may be found by every one who seeks for it with all diligence.

Now, what is this "pearl of great price?" Christ

does not say the kingdom of heaven is like unto a pearl of great price, but to a "merchant-man seeking goodly pearls." It may be that the pearl means the kingdom of God implanted in a man's heart; or it may be the knowledge of Christ; or it may mean Christ himself. Now, an examination of all these will show that finally they come to something very like one another. In fact, the pearl is practical religion, which when a man finds, he has found all that he needs either for time or for eternity.

The merchant-man having found one pearl, "went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Without a moment's delay, when once he saw the value of what had been found, he parted with everything, in order that it might come into his possession. That he was obliged to sell all that he had to buy this pearl, shows that he was not working for himself alone, but must have been in the employment of others. In this respect may he not resemble a class of men who are seeking diligently after the truth in many ways, who dig deep into the mines of human knowledge, and throw their nets into the sea of scientific discoveries in search of it, who are God's servants in the same sense as all other men are, and who, when they find the truth, are prepared to part, and do part, with everything? One parts with his indolence, another with his pleasures, another with his confidence in self. Each one, in a word, gives up what in his case stands in the way of making this pearl, when found, HIS OWN.

This is the sale that we must effect, and after this we must buy. Cost us what it will, we must obtain the truth if we are to be successful; and having once got possession of it, let it be our determination, with God's help, that nothing shall tempt us to part with it. The man who finds the truth as it is in Christ, has indeed found Christ himself; and when he has made this discovery, he will not—nay, he cannot—be long in showing others the priceless gem that he has obtained.

We know not how long this merchant-man was seeking for this pearl, nor how many he looked at, ere his eyes were delighted with the sight of this pure and valuable one. We know not how long it will take any man to find Christ, in whom "are hid all the treasures of the Godhead bodily;" but we know and are fully persuaded that no man will search for him in vain. God's image may be almost worn out of a man by reason of his sins and contact with the defilements of the world. Even to such a one Christ calls, and gives an assurance—"He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."